

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

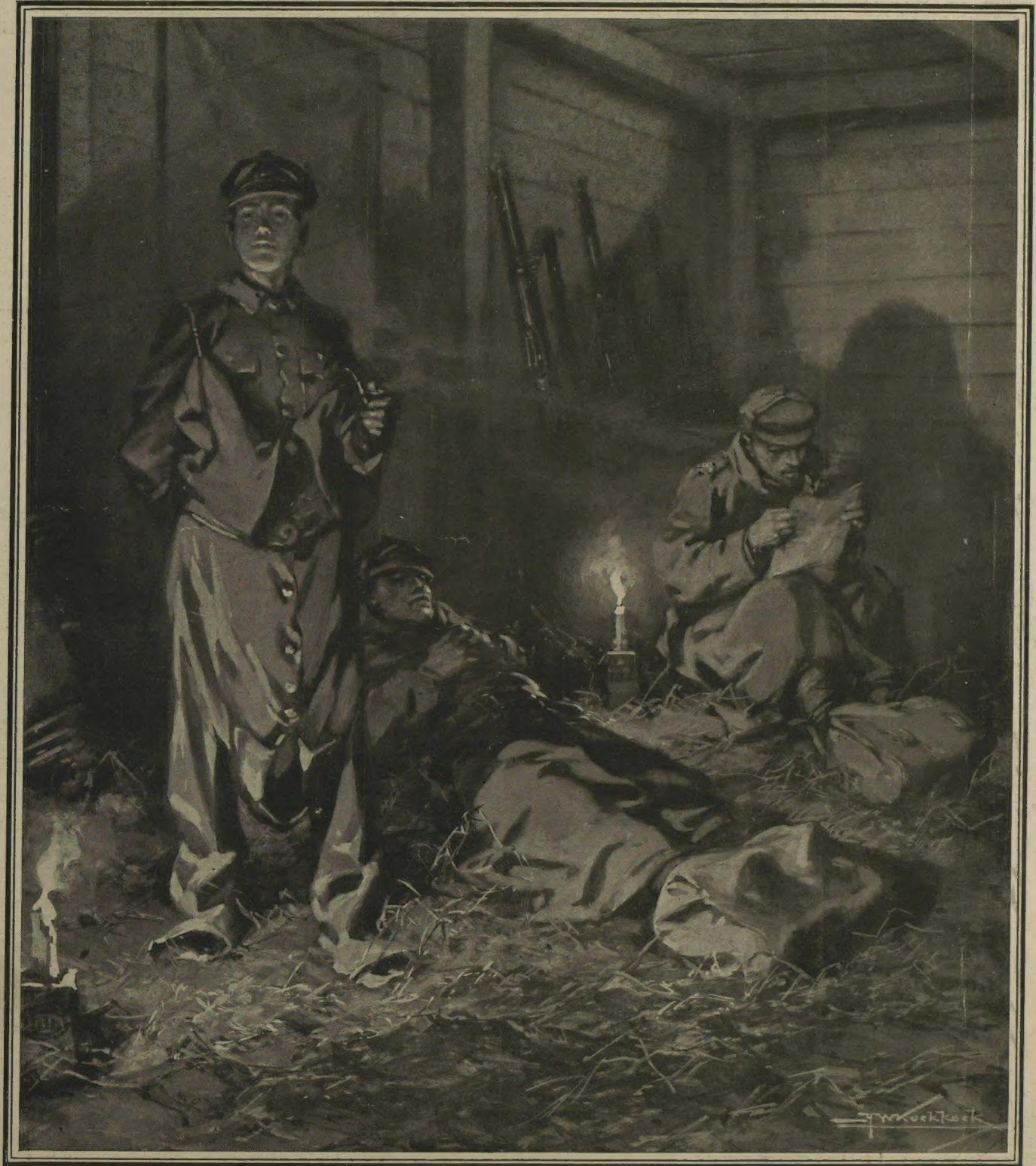
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SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1916.

SIXPENCE.

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WITH THEIR FEET IN THE SLEEVES OF THEIR OVERCOATS OR INSIDE THEIR KNAPSACKS: HOW BRITISH SOLDIERS IN BILLETTS AT THE FRONT KEEP THEIR FEET WARM.

During the cold weather our men on the western front have adopted various expedients for keeping their feet warm while resting in billetts or dug-outs. Two of the most common ways of doing so are illustrated here. The man standing on the left has his legs

encased in the sleeves of his overcoat, which is buttoned up the front and fastened round the waist with a belt. The other two men have their feet inside their knapsacks among their spare clothes. The floor is covered with straw, and the men also have blankets.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOERKOEK FROM A SKETCH FROM THE FRONT. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATIONS.

THOUGH some of the chief fixtures of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Festival are reserved for the coming week, the week of the poet's birthday has not passed without its share of celebrations. If Oxford has opened its special exhibition at the Bodleian, and Stratford-on-Avon can boast a more than usually interesting season under Mr. F. R. Benson's control, London has not been behind-hand with its tributes. At the old "Vic." last Tuesday a matinee was arranged for at which the combination of Ellen Terry and Mary Anderson on the same stage was promised, the former as Queen Katharine, the latter for the first time in Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene. On Wednesday Mr. William Poel was to revive, rather oddly, Ben Jonson's "Poetaster," at the Apothecaries' Hall, site of the old Blackfriars Theatre. But next week is to see the great event, the performance of "Julius Cæsar," with a wonderful "star" cast that includes Mr. Bouchier as Brutus, Mr. H. B. Irving as Cassius, Mr. Ainley as Antony, Mr. Benson as Julius Cæsar, and Miss Evelyn Millard and Miss Lilian Braithwaite in the feminine rôles; followed by the Shakespeare Pageant, in which some two hundred of our actors and actresses will present tableaux illustrative of the best-known plays of the poet. All the famous players of the day will thus join at Drury Lane in doing Shakespeare honour.

"Q's" PLAY, "THE MAYOR OF TROY." AT THE HAYMARKET.

On the whole, it was as good as we had any right to expect—nay, it was better. It was a first play: a novelist's play, with the faults inevitable in a novice and in an author attempting an unfamiliar medium. The action dragged desperately at times, because the novelist that "Q" is lingered over the business of individualising every character, and making each man or woman express himself or herself in appropriate dialogue. He has not learned the trick yet of keeping the story moving while his people talk. Then, too, "Q's" Rip van Winkle was content for too long to be the spectator and critic of his own comedy; it was not till the last act that he and the play woke up and a decision was taken. The first act was little more than pageant—pageant in which the seeming indispensable Mayor, resplendent in uniform, surrounded by his Diehards who were to combat "Boney," sunned himself in his popularity, fat, complacent, arrogant. The next act amounted to a series of tableaux which variously illustrated one theme; it showed him returned to find himself become a legend, replaced in position, despoiled of his wealth, and sure to be a nuisance to the whole community should he really come to life again. Not till twenty minutes before the close of the play did he reach a resolve and obtain the means to render his resurrection palatable. When a brother has appropriated the bulk of your fortune, when legates have long enjoyed nice little legacies, when your town has gained a hospital from your supposed death, you upset too many vested interests by emerging from your grave—or rather, your French prison—and asking for your own back. Especially when your fellow-townsmen have made a hero of you, erected a statue in your honour, and thrived on your romantic fate. Fortunately for the Mayor and the citizens of Troy, a relic of his wealth had been preserved, and so he could claim some afterglow of his old glory without injury to those in possession. You will judge what a waiting game this story imposes on a theatrical audience. Yet there is much to conciliate impatience. Humour is constantly bubbling out of the talk. The manners of Napoleonic times are happily caught. A succession of quaint characters cross the stage and chatter quaintly. An old idea—the Rip idea—is given a new turn. And a certain atmosphere of tension is aroused as to what is going to happen, as to when the wanderer will reveal himself. So that, for the sake of its literary quality, of its picturesqueness, of its comic richness and irony, "Q's" first play is likely to have more than a *succès d'estime*. It might have had considerably more if its leading interpreter, Mr. Ainley, had set himself, as it were, against the current of the drama and tried to give what it lacked in forcefulness. If he had not been satisfied to take things easily, to adopt low tones too often—if he had striven to make the Mayor a more domineering personality—we should not have felt that he too, like the story, was too long before putting out his strength. To enumerate his supporters would be to give a veritable Trojan catalogue. All they needed was a more strenuous leader.

"TOTO," AT THE DUKE OF YORKS.

Toto was originally Parisienne, one of M. Capus's inventions—the wicked little person who so shocks her lover by her reckless jollity and makes him wish more than ever he had not parted with his wife. Miss Gladys Unger, in adapting the piece, has also adapted the character in such fashion that Miss Mabel Russell finds in Toto the opportunity of a lifetime. What matters it that the heroine is transformed into a Cockney? Miss Russell romps through her scenes with an enjoyment so obvious, a vivacity so infectious, that playgoers are only too grateful for what they obtain and eager for more. Singing, acting, dancing, she never fails to please; and fortunately she is provided with some very effective musical turns. Other members of the cast are that pleasing vocalist Miss Louie Pounds and nimble Mr. Fred Farron, whose dances are in his briskest style. But, good as they are, it is Toto—Miss Russell's Toto—that is the life and soul of the entertainment.

THE BRIGHTON STOCK COMPANY IN "CASTE."

Brighton proposes once more to have a stock company of its own, and in pursuit of that laudable ambition the directors of the enterprise have started their repertory season with a revival of "Caste." The scene of operations is the Palace Pier Theatre, a good all-round company has been secured, and the stage-director is Mr. Alfred Wareing, who has already achieved success for a similar undertaking at Glasgow. The management—which wishes to avoid, in Mr. Wareing's words, "intellectual dullness"—will first feel its way with the reproduction of old favourites; thus, "Caste" will be followed by "School," "The Return of the Prodigal," "The Passport," "Sunlight and Shadow,"

"Masks and Faces," and probably "Lady Frederick"—varied fare, you will observe—and then hopes to try more ambitious experiments. The members of the company show to advantage in Robertson's famous comedy, in which they enjoy the help of Mr. Albert Chevalier as Eccles. His is a more subdued and innocuous Eccles than others we have had. There is not that tartness in his speech that Sir John Hare gave the old drunkard, and he does not convey the impression of the public-house ranter. He is too lazy and sleepy to be irascible. If this is a mild and yet very humorous Eccles, equally careful to avoid excess in point-making are his companions; the best of them is Miss Molly Terraine's vivacious Polly.

"THE SHOW SHOP." AT THE GLOBE.

America has been really sending us some good things lately for our theatres, but the best we have had from her for ever so long is her newest play, "The Show Shop." Its idea is not new; Sheridan took it from Shakespeare; and Shakespeare, no doubt, from the Ark. It is the idea of the play within the play, of the play which takes you behind the scenes and shows you rehearsals and the actors without the glamour of their costumes, and all the secrets and sawdust of stage-effects. The trick will always tell and always please so long as it is done with new variations of humour. Now that is what Mr. James Forbes has achieved. Never outside a riotous American imagination were there such a retired actress, such a stage-manager, such an author, or such a melodrama as he conjures with; but at least the combination of them produces uproarious fun, and the monomania of the actress-mother who believes her career to have been spoilt by marriage, and resolves that her daughter shall act and not marry, in blind miscalculation of the girl's own notions, gives just the right start for the fun. For the plot of the girl and her lover to make the piece in which they must appear a failure by his acting in it, and their utter bewilderment when his burlesque performance helps it to extraordinary popularity, result in the most screaming of situations. It must be seen for its oddities to be appreciated, much less relished; and no one should miss the play, if only for the sake of the acting. To watch Miss Marie Löhr taking off the star-actress's smiles at her recalls, or travestying an emotional part; or Mr. A. E. Matthews letting down hopelessly the hero's scenes with the greatest good-nature; or Lady Tree giving samples of the good old style as the actress's overpowering mother; or Mr. Edmund Gwenn satirising the smirking manager, is to enjoy ever-varying, exuberant entertainment.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

FICTION.

- A Cathedral Singer. James Lane Allen. 2s. net. - - - (Macmillan.)
 A Widow from Belgrave Square. By a Member of Society. 6s.
 (Holden and Hardingham.)
 The Atone ment. James Blyth. 6s. - - - - - (Ward, Lock.)
 No Graven Image. Hilda P. Cummings. 3s. net. - - - (Murray.)
 Pincher in Peace and War. C. Malcolm Hinks. 1s. net. - (Pearson.)
 The Passing of Nahla. Bey Somerville. 6s. - - - (Duchess.)
 The Man and the Woman. F. C. Phillips and R. T. Philips. 3s. 6d. net. (Nash.)
 The Man Who Came Back from the Dead. Gaston Leroux. 6s. (Nash.)
 The Shepherd of the North. Richard A. Maher. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)
 Maid Marjory. L. G. Moberly. 6s. - - - - - (Ward, Lock.)
 Louise and Barnavaux. Pierre Milie. Illustrated by Helen McKie. 3s. 6d. net. - - - - - (The Bodley Head.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Out of the Vortex. Laura Linley. 3s. 6d. net. - - - (Kegan Paul.)
 George Frederick Handel. Romain Rolland. Translated by A. E. Hull; with an Introduction. 2s. 6d. net. - - - (Kegan Paul.)
 Germany in Defeat. Count Charles De Souza. 6s. net. - (Kegan Paul.)
 The Daughters of Germany. Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. 3s. net. (Holden and Hardingham.)
 Let Priest and People Weep. Richard Shanahan. 6s. (Gay and Hancock.)
 The Self-Discovery of Russia. J. Y. Simpson. 6s. - - - (Constable.)
 The Assault. F. W. Wile. 6s. net. - - - - - (Heinemann.)
 Gaudier-Brezka. A Memoir by Ezra Pound. 12s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)
 The Book of Italy. Edited by Raffaello Piccoli, D. Litt. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)
 The Way of Peace. Augusta Kirby. 3s. 6d. net. - - - (Methuen.)
 Inter Arma. Edmund Gosse. 6s. net. - - - - - (Heinemann.)
 The Light Car Handbook. "Candidus." 1s. 6d. net. - - - (Hilfe.)
 The Road to Nowhere. Eric Leadbitter. 6s. - - - (Allen and Unwin.)

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WAR-BOOKS.

WAR-BOOKS, it is to be supposed, were inevitable, but I would to heaven that they were of all things most evitable; for if the war-books, so called, be taken to signify such scriptures as are with deadly intent contrived to fit a time of war and to satisfy a latter-day craving for the "timely," the "opportune," the "up (or down) to date," then for the most part they are in the category of Elia's *biblia biblia*, and of small charm for good books.

Not all lie under this condemnation; some few will justify their existence, and may even reach an honoured old age; but the rest are the merest ephemera, creatures whose only plea is that their amazing covers have lent the bookstalls a gaiety of crude colour that is not altogether unwelcome in a sombre time. And, not to be churlish, let us remember that they have kept in employment poor scribes who must have starved, had they not known how to turn their facile pens to the composition of wares which the booksellers dared to print in days when their trade was more than ever a fearful hazard. But for the war-book, the wild romantic bargain betwixt publisher and author had well-nigh ceased.

Paulo majora canamus! The effort to produce the war-book has not escaped its resultant virtues. Like Philippe Egalité, it is "not without virtue, then." The parallel holds somewhat whimsically, for he, too, "lived in the Age of Pamphlets." And the best of our current war-books go somewhat beyond the pamphlet, and have even manifested a development of their own, a curious and not unpleasing fusion of the art of the essayist and of the novelist, being at the same time neither essay nor novel. These are the most readable, and some of them will have their little niche in history, for they are history or material for history lifted somewhat above the plane of mere laborious notes. They have unity and individual entity, and in the excellence of their quiddity they embody truth. No bald compendium of facts, but touched with philosophy and therefore vital. One or two of the practitioners in this kind have even achieved a *tour de force*, for they have, almost contemporaneously with the events, written what may pass as tolerable history. These are, of course, the exception, but the thing has been done. It has its uses, and the method may, perhaps, serve to restore to history something of that picturesqueness and fluent charm which severe academicians have for some time past rejected as damnable heresy.

There the writer makes out his case, and justifies himself in an hour when, amid the urgent need of swords, the pen seems sadly superfluous. Yet the puissant quill may not be too rashly barred; for its solace reaches even to the field. Some whose lot it is still to be scribbling have had grateful messages out of Flanders for fugitive pieces that found their billet. Nor are the trenches themselves idle in literature. *Belles lettres* flourish there in curious ways; for our new men-at-arms are vastly accomplished, and send admirable Greek verses to compete for a contemporary's weekly prizes. The fighting-man's chief desire in reading is for something as light and unwarlike as possible, and in hospitals, they say, Jane Austen is enjoying a new vogue.

Not among the men-at-arms alone are the old favourites of the bookshelf working their spells anew in a distracted time. Take the case of X. (ineligible), whose pious devotion to the classics, ancient and modern, was in times of peace much hampered by clerical duties of a commercial kind. Not that he adorned any City counting-house—well for him if he had, for then, at 6 o'clock, he could have hurried to his folios, to spend evenings of spacious leisure, the office well forgotten—nay, X. was Grub Street's slave, and his every hour, from bath to bed, was consumed in an Athenian quest to hear or tell some new thing. War, however, lightened his labours (and his pay), but this hardship brought compensation. He bowed to the inevitable, readjusted his scale of living to the demands of the time and of Mr. McKenna, forewore all but the cheapest eating-houses, and thrived on bread-and-cheese. Luckily, he is a bachelor, wedded only to his folios and lesser books with which he is now enjoying a *redintegratio amoris*. Peace and prosperity had estranged them; war and adversity brought but a renewal of love. Lately, being in a discursive mood, he favoured me with his views on war-books, first taking great exception to the double-barrelled word, yet confessing that, for the life of him, he could not better it. He held that one need not exclude Bellona from the list. Confessing to a preference, in the first days of strife, for quiet Wordsworthian themes, he said that he had now gone back to the greatest of all war-books, the Iliad, which he looked to finish and begin again before the peace. He had dipped into Virgil, and spent an hour or two over Lucan's "Pharsalia," with fresh zest. The Greek dramatists had their turn, and here he launched out into an admirable excursus on war and national stress as a creative force in literature, which brought him, by a long leap, to Shakespeare. He made excellent hearing, but brevity is not among our good X's virtues (does he not live by "space" at so much an inch?), and his words may not be reported *verbatim* here, for which relief the reader is, no doubt, duly grateful. X. is omnivorous. He has recently rubbed nearly all the rust (apparent to none but himself) off his knowledge of the greater English novelists, and has had what he called "a choicely excellent spell" of Balzac, culling from "Fère Goriot" certain incidental passages which he applied with curious acumen to our political distresses, and to the right estimating of the German character. He has been hobnobbing, too, with Beaumont and Fletcher, finding "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" a complete forecast of Gilbert, but loftier, and he has re-read Le Sage, making some useful and suggestive comparisons between the moralities of Asmodeus and the Exemplary Novels of Cervantes, also re-read in their compass. But there is no fathoming the erudition of such a bookworm as X., and a list of his "war-books," as he is now content to call them (though with a wry grimace) would make the catalogue of a respectable library. With which tribute to him and to his peculiar view we must quit the subject, for our good friend the printer, if not the reader, must be already out of all patience with these irrelevances.

HONOURING THE HEROES WHO DIED IN GALLIPOLI: "ANZAC" DAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE MARCH OF THE "ANZACS" IN LONDON ON "ANZAC" DAY: THE COLUMN ON ITS WAY TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



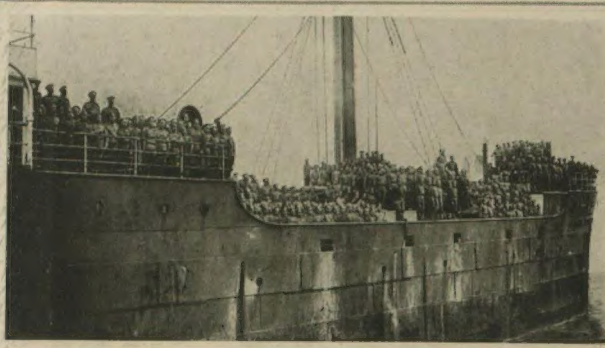
"I AM JOINING WITH THEM IN THEIR SOLEMN TRIBUTE": THE KING, WITH LORD KITCHENER, LEAVING THE ABBEY.

The memorial service at Westminster Abbey on April 25 in honour of the "Anzacs" who fell in Gallipoli was attended by 1300 Australians and 700 New Zealand troops, every man of whom was either wounded or contracted illness and was sent to this country on sick leave. The soldiers shown in the photograph are New Zealanders. In his message on the occasion to the Governor-General of Australia and the Governor

of New Zealand, the King said: "Tell my people of Australia and New Zealand that to-day I am joining with them in their solemn tribute to the memory of their heroes who died in Gallipoli. They gave their lives for a supreme cause in gallant comradeship with the rest of my sailors and soldiers who fought and died with them. Their valour and fortitude have shed fresh lustre on the British arms."

THE RUSSIANS JOIN THE FRENCH IN THE WEST: ARRIVAL SCENES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL; FRENCH OFFICIAL (SUPPLIED BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS); AND C.N.



THE LANDING OF THE RUSSIANS AT MARSEILLES: A TRANSPORT AS IT BROUGHT TO ALONGSIDE THE QUAY IN THE MILITARY DOCK.



RETURNING THANKS AFTER THE VOYAGE: A FIELD SERVICE BEING CONDUCTED IN THE RUSSIAN CAMP BY AN ARMY "POPE."



THE RUSSIAN GENERAL AND THE GOVERNOR OF MARSEILLES.



FALLEN-IN ON BOARD, FOR DISEMBARKATION: MASSED RANKS OF THE RUSSIANS WAITING TO GO ASHORE, ON THE UPPER DECKS OF A TRANSPORT.



AFTER THE ARRIVAL: SERVING OUT THE RIFLES.



MARSEILLES' WELCOME TO THE RUSSIANS: FLOWER-BEDECCKED SOLDIERS IN A COLUMN MARCHING THROUGH THE CITY.



THE WELCOME IN CAMP—FRENCH FORETHOUGHT: FRENCH ARMY COOKS LADLING OUT HOT SOUP AS THE RUSSIANS ARRIVED.

The arrival of Russian troops at Marseilles on April 20, was as dramatic and epoch-marking an event as has taken place in the war. The transports entered the military dock where earlier in the war our Indian contingent landed, and disembarked at the quay, in the presence of officers representing the French Army and the armies of the Allies. The British military attaché to France was present officially, and many British officers and men of units from all over the Empire witnessed the historic scene. As the first transport brought up alongside the quay, a tremendous cheer burst from the Russian soldiers who were massed in close-packed lines along the upper decks. It was

answered instantly by the Russian National Anthem and the "Marseillaise" from a military band on shore; French, British, Russians all standing at the salute. Then the Russian General in command disembarked and was met by General Ménéssier, Military Governor of Marseilles, who advanced, limping from a wound received at the front. After that the Russian soldiers filed down the troopships' gangways on to the quay and formed columns, their rifles being served out as they fell in. They marched from the dockyard to the camp pitched for them on the outskirts of the city through enthusiastic throngs, many a Russian officer and man wearing flowers presented by the townsfolk.

A FRIEND OF THE ALLIES: THE GREAT ALBANIAN LEADER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. VANDYK.



PHOTOGRAPHED DURING HIS VISIT TO LONDON: ESSAD PASHA, PRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF ALBANIA.

Essad Pasha, President of the Government of Albania, who, with his small local army, did all that was possible to assist the retreat of the Serbian Army, has been visiting the Allied Governments in France and England. After being at the French front, he is stated to have said: "I have visited the French firing-line and studied the position at first hand—I am satisfied." Essad Pasha is a man of fifty, of an old Albanian family. Well known at Constantinople, for his fearless courage and bold spirit from early manhood, he was first heard of in Europe at the time of the Turkish revolution which deposed Abdul Hamid. He proved himself then one of the most daring of the

Young Turk leaders, and, after the accession of the present Sultan, he was placed in charge of the Turkish gendarmerie in Albania, with the rank of Pasha. As the Balkan Campaign of 1912 shaped, he took steps to organise the liberation of his native land. An ardent patriot, he supported the German Prince of Wied in the hope of ensuring the welfare of Albania, until the Austrian intrigue against the independence of Albania, which the titular ruler openly furthered, forced him into revolt. On the departure of the Prince of Wied to join the Kaiser just before the war, Essad was chosen Head of the Government of Albania. The Austrian invasion of Montenegro made him join the Allies.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

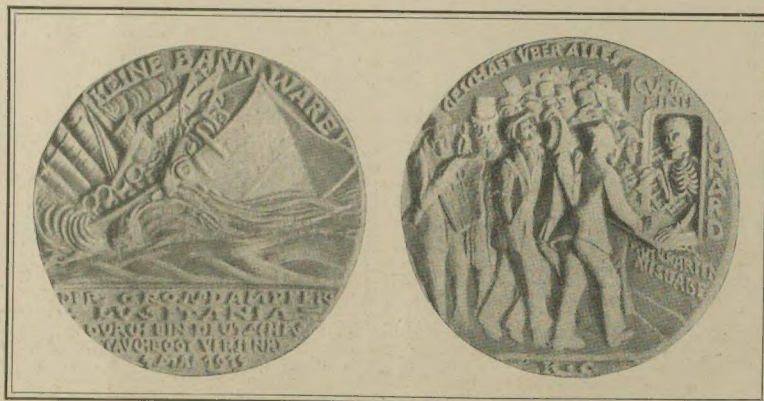
THE German belief in system penetrates into the oddest corners and produces the oddest results. A German story will contain so many facts that we know it must be fiction. It is not only the lie with circumstance, but with circumstance such as is never insisted on in a true story. But one variant of this habit has a peculiar interest—I mean the habit of quoting the praise of imaginary foreigners, and then not giving it even that external and impartial air with which foreigners would praise. Germans cannot imagine even a neutral as sympathising with them in anything like the detached way in which a neutral would sympathise. Thus a paper called the *Tagliche Rundschau* publishes the following communication supposed to come from "A Real American." By way of impressing us with the reality of the American, it makes him catalogue the whole necessary creed with all the laborious loyalty of a German. This is what the real American is supposed to say: "With you we feel that God will assuredly crown your battle with victory. We feel that German Kultur is the most necessary, the most living, the most blessed of all the things which go to make our civilisation. We feel that the German—physically, spiritually, intellectually—is the most perfect outcome of this civilisation, and that the preservation of the German nation and its continued prosperity is the condition of life for humanity. We feel that the British dominion has been and is a curse for the world." Nay, it would appear that the Real American treats the subject of the German Emperor in the following thorough and industrious fashion: "He is not only the greatest ruler, the wisest strategist, the most excellent art-critic and furtherer of science in the world; he is the most many-sided man, the most loving husband and father, the truest friend, and the greatest democrat who ever sat on a throne."

Now, I am not prepared to assert that among the wonders of this wonderful world a person writing like that may not exist on American soil, or even have a ticket of American citizenship, though it is immeasurably more likely that he exists in the office of the *Tagliche Rundschau*. He is certainly not a Real American, even in the improbable event of his being a real man. But what interests me in the matter is the strange mental incapacity to imagine what a real American might really maintain. Most of us could give a pretty fair version of what an honest Yankee might say if he sympathised with Germany, and could even make him say it in a more or less Yankee way. It would be strongly salted with that humour, at once harsh and humanitarian, with which Americans have often mocked at the hypocrisy of England. It would probably be cast in the vein of Mark Twain, when he said that the sun never set on the British Empire because God could not trust Englishmen in the dark. It might be influenced by the just and historic, though now partly antiquated, anger of the American Irish. An American might make out an intelligent case for Germany, as he might make out an intelligent case for anything. But would he feel himself constrained to express his confidence in the Kaiser as an art-critic? Would it be absolutely necessary to maintain that poor William II. is a greater strategist not only than Joffre, but even than Hindenburg? Does any patriotic man, of any self-respecting nation (above all, the American nation), say that another nation is more necessary than his own, or that the preservation of that particular foreign land is the condition of his

life? Is any American, if it comes to that, such a fool as to admit that Great Britain has any "dominion" over the whole world? The writer of this passage, whether technically American or German, whether writing it in America or Germany, has never had the most flying glimpse of the real psychology of international sympathies and admirations. He is merely praising himself; and even that he does stupidly. When a man admires a foreign nation he admires it for particular things, which are for him a novelty or a corrective; he admires it as something distinct and complementary, as he admires the other sex. He does not merely load that land with a list of perfections, as if it were infinitely beyond him and his in every possible direction. He does not say that some particular foreign gentleman whom he happens to like is "physically, spiritually, intellectually, the most perfect outcome," and all the rest of it. I have a great and special admiration for the French, but I should no more say that of them than say they have wings. Nobody approximately human would say such a thing about other peoples; and nobody

even taken an unamiable view of German women, which would render the two functions mutually antagonistic. I do not take this view: I merely point out that it might be taken; and that is exactly what these singular diplomatists cannot see. For them German ethics and German art go together (being both down on the list), and we must not only swallow Hindenburg, but swallow Hindenburg's statue at the same gulp. Imagination, again, might toy with the fancy of some possible American who might not happen to like the German type of good looks—who should perversely maintain that colourless straight hair like straw, artificially trained on the upper lip to stand up in two symmetrical spikes, is not "physically the most perfect outcome" of the civilisation that gave us the gods of Greece and the golden women of Veronese. Yet such a person might still be prepared to say that even people silly enough to teach their own hair the tricks of a performing dog might have a case for greater colonial expansion. A man might hold the opinion that the Kaiser is a democrat, or the equally sane opinion that he is a

Dutch clock, and still think that somebody else was an even wiser strategist. But the German controversialist insists not merely on the notion of "Love me, love my dog," but rather the notion of "Love me, love all my menagerie"—a menagerie of the most incredible monsters yet paraded on this planet.



GERMANY REJOICING IN FOUL DEEDS: A BRONZE MEDAL IN HONOUR OF THE SINKING OF THE "LUSITANIA"!

A recent issue of the "Nieuwe Amsterdammer" publishes these reproductions of the obverse and reverse of a bronze medal in honour of the sinking of the "Lusitania," which is in circulation in Germany! On the obverse, under the legend "No Contraband" (Keine Bannware), there is represented a ship sinking, "laden," as the Dutch paper aptly says, "with guns, flying-machines, etc., but not with children and other non-combatants." Beneath is the legend: "The great steamship 'Lusitania,' sunk by a German submarine, 4 May, 1915." On the reverse, under the legend, "Business above everything," (Geschäft über Alles), a skeleton sits at a booking-office (labelled Cunard Line), and gives out tickets to a crowd of non-combatant passengers who refuse to attend to the warning against submarines held out to them by a German! The medal will, no doubt, prove of great interest to the people which has just lost the "Tubantia" and the "Palembang."

except Germans would say it even about themselves. But the real moral is that the German believes in thoroughness even at the expense of practicality. The man who wrote that passage was repeating a lesson—or, if you will, a creed; and he must not drop a link in it without negative heresy. He writes it not because it bears the faintest resemblance to anything that a foreign friend of Germany would write, but because this is the German faith, which unless a man do well and truly believe without doubt he will get into trouble. We have called the Teutonic mind cloudy, and the Teutonic kingdom the kingdom of the clouds. At least the Teutonic mind is very like that cloud in Wordsworth, "which moveth altogether if it move at all." It will risk no attack except in close formation, with each of its drilled doctrines to support the other; it will never venture an intellectual skirmish in the open. It never feels any of its scientific equipment as mere impedimenta. And in the utterance I have quoted is shown once again what is shown throughout all the negotiations and all the campaigns: that the German will make every effort except the noblest of human efforts—the effort of the imagination.

Imagination might suggest to him, for instance, the imaginary case of some American who should think the German a good husband without deducing from it that he was a good art-critic. Some have

appeared, it would be easy to transfer nearly the whole of the above criticism to a German of whom no one will dispute the existence or even the importance. Professor Haeckel has had in the past not only a considerable influence in Europe, but no inconsiderable influence in England. Poor Mr. Robert Blatchford, now so hearty and hard-hitting an Anti-German, at one time nourished Haeckel like a viper in his bosom. Mr. Joseph McCabe, on quitting the habit of St. Francis, may be said to have clothed himself in the habit of Professor Haeckel; and a very bad habit it is. It is not, of course, the faintest reflection on the patriotism of these gentlemen, though I cannot but think it a slight reflection on their judgment. Anyhow, in the days when there were Haeckelites in England, Haeckel was accused by his enemies of faking a picture to prove his biological theory; and excused by his friends as for a mere formality or neglect. I will not criticise the case; but I will recommend any Englishman to read Haeckel's recent pronouncement on the settlement after the war. He will not, I think, conclude that the man is incapable of the old fraud, even if he is innocent of it. I, at least, must decline to admit that a man owes a stricter duty to dead embryos than to living men, or that it would be any worse to approve of lying in a small matter than of stealing in a large one.

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HELMETS—BRITISH AND GERMAN: AFTER THE BATTLE OF ST. ELOI.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED BY THE PRESS BUREAU; SUPPLIED BY CENTRAL PRESS.



WEARING THE NEW GERMAN STEEL HELMET: ONE OF THE GERMAN PRISONERS CAPTURED AT ST. ELOI.



TRYING-ON CAPTURED GERMAN HEADGEAR AND GAS-MASKS: MEN OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF ST. ELOI.



WEARING THE NEW BRITISH STEEL HELMET: ONE OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AFTER ST. ELOI.



A STUDY IN HEADGEAR AND THE BRITISH FIGHTING SPIRIT: OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FAMOUS "FIGHTING FIFTH" (NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS) AFTER THE BATTLE OF ST. ELOI—SOME IN CAPTURED GERMAN HEADGEAR; OTHERS WEARING THE NEW BRITISH HELMET.

Light steel helmets are now worn both by the British and French troops and by the enemy. Whereas, earlier in the war, head wounds formed about 25 per cent. of the casualties, they were reduced to less than one-half per cent. in a recent battle in which our men were wearing the new helmets. "The British helmet," said the "British Medical Journal," "has not the surprising lightness of the French, but is considered to be better designed to meet its direct purpose . . . It has . . . a smooth round top, while the crown of the French presents a prominent ridge. . . . The British . . . brings to mind the pith hats worn by civilians in certain parts of India. . . . It stands

away from the head about one-third of an inch all round, the weight being borne by a padded leather band fixed to the inner side by a series of indiarubber buffers. . . . The buffers are capable of diffusing and neutralising the force of a blow, which, falling on the closely fitting French helmet, would be conducted direct to the brain-pan." The Germans have also adopted a metal helmet, of a light grey colour, but of a shape decidedly different from the British and French. It has not a wide brim, but comes down a little further over the sides of the head, and is cut away slightly in front over the forehead.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARNETT, LAFAYETTE, LANGFIER, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BIRKETT, WESTON, BERKSFORD, AND ELLIS AND WALERY.



CAPTAIN A. W. WHITE,
117th Mahrattas. Mentioned in despatches
and awarded the Military Cross, April 14.
Killed in action.



LT.-COL. R. C. B. THROCKMORTON,
R. Welsh Fusiliers, att'd. Wiltshire Reg-
iment. Served in S. Africa; medals with
clasps. Nephew to Sir W. Throckmorton.



MAJOR A. P. WILLIAMS-FREEMAN,
Lincolnshire Regiment, att'd. R. Welsh
Fusiliers. Son of late Capt. G. P. Williams-
Freeman, Chief Constable of Shropshire.



CAPTAIN GEOFFREY YATES GROSS,
R. West Kent Regiment. Second son of
late Mr. Charles Gross, F.R.C.S. Killed
in action.



CAPTAIN WILFRID MYERS,
Liverpool Regiment. Was on the staffs
of the "Standard" and the "Globe."
Son of Mr. L. Myers, Culross Street, W.



CAPTAIN C. E. R. BRIDSON,
K.O. Royal Lancaster Regiment. Son of
Mr. Edward Ridgway Bridson, M.A., of
Staverton House, Oxford.



CAPTAIN STEUART J. ALDOUS,
Sherwood Foresters. Son of Rev. J.
Clement P. Aldous, Rector of Sywell. Was
senior scholar, University College, Oxford.



CAPT. HUGO DELVES BROUGHTON,
Cheshire Regiment. Son of late Commr.
Cecil Delves Broughton, and Mrs. Delves
Broughton, of Houghton, Playden, Rye.



2ND LIEUT. W. N. THOMAS,
Royal Flying Corps. Was a good cricketer
and hockey player, frequently representing
Shropshire.



CAPTAIN F. W. BURKINSHAW,
R. Field Artillery. Son of late Mr. C. W.
Burkinshaw and of Mrs. Burkinshaw,
Cotes Grange, Louth.



CAPTAIN F. J. DUGGAN,
R. Field Artillery. Son of Mr. Creighton
Duggan. He was mentioned in Sir John
French's despatch in June last.



CAPTAIN SCOTT POWELL,
R. Welsh Fusiliers. Youngest son of Sir
R. Douglas Powell, K.C.V.O., M.D.
Educated at Charterhouse and Oxford.



MIDSHIPMAN GERVASE H. DE BLESS,
R.N.,
Only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. de Bless, of
Billing Hall, Northampton.



CAPTAIN BASIL C. WINSER,
Lancashire Regiment. Son of Mr. Harold
A. Winser, Town Clerk of Kingston-on-
Thames.



LIEUT. KENNETH GUNN,
The Black Watch. Son of late Mr.
Marcus Gunn, Cardiff. Killed in action.
Wounded thrice, previously.



LIEUT. A. A. SMITH,
S. Staffordshire Regiment. An old Car-
thusian; head of the school seven years
ago. Killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. HUGH N. CHOLMELEY,
Grenadier Guards. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Lewin Cholmeley, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.
Killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. C. W. FORBES RAWLE,
Worcestershire Regiment. Only son of
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rawle, of St. Petros,
Lee, Kent.



2ND LT. J. CLEMENT SMITH,
R. Fusiliers. Son of late Mr. Hinton
Bryan Smith and Mrs. Bryan Smith, of
Llandrindod Wells.



LIEUT. DOUGLAS TWEEDY-SMITH,
R.F.C. Son of Mr. R. Tweedy-Smith.
Was promoted to Inspector of Aero-
planes, Farnborough, October.

LES POMPIERS DE VERDUN": IN THE HEART OF THE DANGER ZONE.



FIGHTING THE FLAMES CAUSED BY GERMAN SHELLS: FRENCH FIREMEN ON PERILOUS DUTY IN STRICKEN VERDUN.

The inhabitants of Verdun were cleared out of the city by the French authorities and sent to places of safety immediately the Germans opened their attack, except a restaurant-keeper, allowed to remain in order to serve despatch-riders passing through, and the city firemen. These last are ever at work, night and day, dealing with the fires caused by the German incendiary shells as each breaks out. The Germans, according to a message in the "Times" from Mr. Stanley Washburn, have been "pouring shells into Verdun at the rate of 400 to 800 daily, taking one quarter of the town after another; already, as

I am credibly informed, having fired 30,000 shells within the last forty days." Not all these shells are incendiary ones, but a proportion of them are. As to the perils in the midst of which the brave fellows do their work, from falling houses all round them, this detail from Mr. Washburn's narrative may be added. The high-explosive shells "arrive with the accuracy and sound of express trains, their landing being announced by a detonation like the explosion of a land-mine, with clouds of dust and debris like an eruption of a volcano. Five and six storey buildings simply melt into piles of debris."

FUSILIERS AT ST. ELOI: STORMING ACROSS THE ENEMY'S

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

BARBED WIRE AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE.

FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER.

ONE OF THE FINEST EXPLOITS IN THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY: THE NORTHUMBERLAND
TO TAKE THE GERMAN FIRST

Who would venture to say which has been the most wonderful exploit by our soldiers fighting in the Great War? It would be impossible, surely, to fix on any one deed in the thousands of heroic feats that have been done. That illustrated above may well claim, however, to be reckoned among the best—the grand dash of the Northumberland and Royal Fusiliers through the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements at St. Eloi, on March 27, when they took the German first and second line trenches on a front of some 600 yards, with two officers and 168 men made prisoners. An immense mine had been exploded beneath the German trenches. "The Fusiliers," writes a correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," "were well forward, and already flinging

AND ROYAL FUSILIERS SWEEPING IN A RESISTLESS CHARGE, ACROSS THE WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS,
AND SECOND LINE TRENCHES.

themselves upon the barbed wire in the enemy's position. . . . In spite of the great upheaval, the barbed wire still stood strong. It is still more remarkable that the Fusiliers swept across as though the obstacles were of no account. They did not stop to cut the wire. . . . The first stormed through it and over it, tearing their clothes and hands . . . and getting over each other's shoulders, flinging themselves over in one great jumbled mass of human energy. . . . Inside the salient there was but little resistance. . . . The men who remained alive amongst the dead bodies of their comrades . . . were dazed and terrified. They came up from holes in the earth, with their hands up, shaking and moaning."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BRITISH BLUEJACKETS ON THE BALKAN FRONT: BIG GUNS AT PRACTICE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. N.



FIRING WITH A HEAVY CHARGE AT LONG RANGE: HOW THE BLAST OF A DISCHARGE BREAKS UP AND SCATTERS THE SOIL IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF THE MUZZLE OF A GUN



FIRING WITH A HEAVY CHARGE AT LONG RANGE: HOW THE INTENSITY OF THE CONCUSSION AS A GUN GOES OFF MAKES EVERYTHING AT THE FIRING-POINT UNSTEADY—INCLUDING, IN THIS CASE, THE CAMERA.

The Navy is doing its part in the Near East, ashore as well as afloat. Our bluejackets have been on duty on land in that quarter of the war-area for many months past. As the despatches and the lists of distinctions gained in action have told all the world, detachments supplied by the Royal Navy assisted in the defence of Serbia, particularly in the opening phases of the last campaign, manning gun-vessels and various improvised river war-craft on the Danube. Since then our seamen have had their share in assisting to render impregnable, as it is confidently hoped, the defences of Salonika at

various points in the Allied line. Above are seen two illustrations of heavy guns, manned by bluejackets on the Balkan front, being fired for a particular purpose. As stated in a telegram from Salonika to the Press, on a certain day not long since, the Allied batteries in several localities carried out range-testing practice to check their range-finding instruments and ascertain the exact distances from each post to various outstanding objects and land-marks within view. Previous to the firing, as related in correspondents' letters, the inhabitants of the districts were withdrawn.

A FLYING-MAN, HERO OF FORTY AIR-DUELS: JEAN NAVARRE AT WORK.



SETTING OUT TO EXPLORE THE GERMAN LINES: LIEUTENANT NAVARRE'S AEROPLANE CLIMBING RAPIDLY.



ON THE PROWL IN MID-AIR: LIEUTENANT NAVARRE'S AEROPLANE STEERING A LEVEL COURSE THROUGH A SEA OF CLOUDS AT A HIGH ALTITUDE.

Sub-Lieutenant Jean Navarre is a hero of the hour in the French Air Service. He is twenty-one, and has fought, at the moment of writing, no fewer than forty air duels, in which he has brought down fourteen German aeroplanes. In November 1914 he joined the Flying Service, two months later going to the front in charge of a chaser aeroplane. "He has always," says a writer in the Paris "Journal," "had his own ideas as to how to bring down the Boches. His theory is to go straight at them, chase them, dominate, circle round them, worry them and give them no rest, and to dive and loop and never

allow them a chance to get the range." Asked lately what he thought was the best sort of machine, Lieutenant Navarre answered: "The smaller the machine the better: one that can do 125 miles an hour and rise to 13,000 feet." His expressed ambition is to form an "Iron Squadron" of crack fliers trained to work together. "Such a team," he said, "would settle the Boches!" The photographs above were taken by a comrade in an accompanying aeroplane on the day that the Sous-Lieutenant brought down his fifth enemy aeroplane. On one day he fought five Fokkers, and brought down two.

THE STRICKEN FIELD OF VERDUN: REMARKABLE PANORAMIC

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREAT FRANCO-GERMAN STRUGGLE.

THE heroic French Army defending Verdun has withstood some sixty days of violent onslaughts and bombardments, in which the enemy have been prodigal both of men and munitions. "With all this expenditure," writes Mr. Stanley Washburn from Verdun, "the Germans have only been able to bend the defence, and this at a cost of at least double what the capture of Verdun would have been worth from a strategic point of view. . . . Accompanied by the Governor of the fortress, I ventured to an observation-point in the adjacent hills, where an excellent view of the entire *terrain* is available. High-power telescopes made it possible to see the Germans behind their lines. Save for the shelling everywhere, and especially in the town itself, the day was relatively quiet. It seems difficult to get any accurate estimate of the German losses, but from all sources questioned and

Continued on page 559.



GROUND STREWN WITH THE ENEMY'S DEAD BEYOND THE GROVES OF BARBED WIRE.



A PANORAMIC VIEW FROM A FRENCH POSITION NEAR VERDUN—LOOKING TOWARDS THE GERMAN LINES.

from observation of the conditions and *terrain* where fighting has taken place here, compared with analogous country on the Eastern front where I know the losses, approximately the Germans must certainly have lost from 175,000 to 200,000 men. When one considers the enormous numbers and accuracy of the French 'seventy-fives,' it is possible that even more casualties may have resulted. . . . From personal observation and superficial investigation during a single day, it seems improbable that the Germans will be able to secure decisive advantages here without losses which are increasingly incongruous with their strategic gains. From prisoners I talked with, I gather that the news of Verdun failures is beginning to percolate along the German front, resulting in great depression. . . . The moral of the French soldier is perfectly extraordinary."



WHERE THE GERMANS ATTACKED IN MASSED COLUMNS AND WERE HURLED BACK, WITH TERRIBLE LOSSES, BEFORE REACHING THE



FRENCH WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS: CORPSE-COVERED SLOPES TO THE NORTH-WEST OF VERDUN, SEEN FROM THE FRENCH LINES.

These panoramic photographs give a vivid idea of the great Verdun battlefield. The position shown in the lower one was the scene of violent German assaults on March 8 and 10, which were repelled with great slaughter. After a certain lull in the operations, the enemy returned to the charge on April 9, by delivering a fierce attack, on a front of about 12 miles, on practically all the French positions west of the Meuse from Avocourt to Cumblres. "Notwithstanding the violence of the assaults," said a Paris communiqué, "which cost the enemy very great losses, our line as a whole did not move." The battle has since continued with varying intensity. On the 10th the French repulsed an attack between Douaumont and

Vaux, taking 100 prisoners, and on the following day a renewed assault on Mort Homme, or Dead Man Hill. A French communiqué of the 16th stated: "On the right bank (of the Meuse), we delivered a vigorous attack at the end of yesterday on the German positions to the south of Douaumont. This operation, which met with complete success, has enabled us to occupy some elements of the German trenches and to make 200 prisoners, two of whom were officers." On the 17th the French reported a heavy German attack extending for 2½ miles between the Meuse and Douaumont, which was repulsed except at one point, where the enemy gained a footing in a small salient of the French line.



"THOSE OF THE OTHER WAR."

STORIES OF THE GREAT WAR FOR VETERANS OF 1870-71: IN A FRENCH MILITARY CLUB.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

"WE OCCUPIED THE CRATER": A FRENCH ASSAULT ON THE

FROM THE DRAWING



"THE MOST AWFUL THING IN WAR HAD HAPPENED TO THEM": SURVIVORS OF A
WITH BOMB

Such phrases as "We exploded a mine and occupied the crater" have become a commonplace in the laconic communiqués of all the armies now at war. The whole conflict is too vast for such minor incidents to receive a more detailed description. Yet behind every brief sentence in the official reports there lies a tragic story which frequently remains untold, a scene of bloodshed which, though only subsidiary to the great drama, means grief and mourning in many a distant home. Only at times does the pencil of the artist or the pen of the war-correspondent reveal to sluggish imaginations the facts that underlie the formal record. Such a revelation is given, pictorially, in this drawing. For one conveyed through the medium of words we may turn to a recent account by Mr. Philip Gibbs of the struggles on the British front for the mine-craters of St. Eloi. Describing our attack on the Germans

GERMANS AT CLOSE QUARTERS AFTER A MINE-EXPLOSION.

BY I. SIMONT.



FRENCH MINE-EXPLOSION IN THE GERMAN TRENCHES ATTACKED BY FRENCH INFANTRY
AND BAYONET.

after having exploded a mine beneath them, he writes: "Inside the salient there was but little resistance. Trenches had been blown shapeless, dug-outs destroyed, and communication-trenches blocked up by masses of earth, so that no supports could come up and no survivors in the salient could-escape. The men who remained alive amongst the dead bodies of their comrades had no strength to resist. They were dared and terrified. They came up from holes in the earth with their hands up, blinking and moaning. The most awful thing in war had happened to them, and these young lancers from Schleswig-Holstein, fresh to the trenches, were utterly cowed. Batches of prisoners were taken without trouble, and only on the extreme right of the position was there any attempt at a counter-attack." That is what, as often as not, "We occupied the crater" meant. (Drawing, reproduced in our French States and Colonies

THE INSPIRING ARMY DEFENDING VERDUN: FRENCH TROOPS.

DRAWINGS MADE ON THE SPOT BY GEORGES SCOTT.



MEN OF AN ARMY WHOSE SPLENDID MORAL HAS WON UNIVERSAL ADMIRATION—FRENCH TROOPS IN RESERVE NEAR VERDUN MARCHING TO A NEW CANTONMENT.



THE WONDERFUL FRENCH SYSTEM OF MOTOR TRANSPORT BEHIND VERDUN: SOLDIER-ROADMEN KEEPING THE HIGHWAYS IN REPAIR, UNINTERRUPTED BY THE PASSAGE OF CONVOYS

Since February 21 the great battle of Verdun has raged without cessation, though with occasional brief lulls. On February 25 the French line of defence was established in positions from which, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two minor changes, the Germans, with all their terrific bombardments and furious assaults, have failed to dislodge them. "The defence of Verdun," says Mr. Stanley Washburn in a despatch written there, "is the story of the character and moral of an heroic Army which, though taken in its least expected quarter, could not be blasted out of its stubborn determination to

resist. . . . The most extraordinary feature of this entire defence has been the capacity of the French to adapt themselves to the situation in the matter of transport. I am informed that the Germans had 12 lines of rail feeding this front. The French met this rail-shortage by motor transport, which after the first few days enabled them to fight with a relatively small handicap against the Germans. . . . The moral of the French soldiers is perfectly extraordinary, and it is an inspiration to be with them."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AN AIR OFFENSIVE AGAINST TURKS THREATENING EGYPT: AN ENEMY CAMP RAIDED.

A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



AIRCRAFT IN ACTION OVER THE PENINSULA OF SINAI: BRITISH AEROPLANES DROPPING BOMBS ON THE TURKISH CAMP AT BIR-EL-HASSANA, EAST OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

The desert of Sinai, where Moses led the Israelites after the miracle of the Red Sea, has witnessed of late the modern marvel of the flying machine. An account of the incident here illustrated was given in a despatch from Suez by Mr. W. T. Massey. "The resource and high military training of the Flying Corps," he writes, "have never shown to better advantage in Egypt than in the brilliant raid yesterday (March 26) on Bir-el-Hassana, the Turkish advanced base, from which the six aeroplanes employed all returned safely after a flight of 200 miles. It was arranged that . . . four machines should proceed from one point and two from another, the latter machines being timed to follow the former in order to complete the destruction begun

by the four machines. The airmen dropped 40 bombs on the reservoir, buildings, and trenches at Bir-el-Hassana, . . . and, according to the description of one observer, the camp presented the appearance of a volcano in eruption. When the work seemed to have been finished a pilot noticed some infantry firing on the other airmen. He swooped down upon the enemy from behind, and, greatly daring, descended to within 200 feet, opened fire with a machine-gun, and scattered them across the desert. Some officers in a marquee were sent helter-skelter." Bir-el-Hassana lies about 85 miles east of the Suez Canal.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



SEEKING AT EIGHTEEN TAKING SPAN ON THEIR GROUND
STUDENTS (OUT OF SCHOOL) (18th CENTURY)

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE



LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A CATHEDRAL
STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (15th CENTURY)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE SOLDIERS' TEETH.

THE soldiers, we will not say of antiquity, but of the Peninsula and Waterloo, never seem to have been troubled with bad teeth. This was probably due to the class from which they were drawn, for it is a mere commonplace that countrymen have better teeth than dwellers in towns, and young men than the middle-aged; and the rank-and-file of our armies in that far-off time were peasants in the prime of life. That is to say, they were brought up from infancy on abundance of milk, a sufficiency of home-made bread, and very little meat, while tea and sugar were in their day luxuries reserved for the well-to-do. Hence Wellington's soldiers were able to masticate the tough meat, either freshly killed or salted and always very imperfectly cooked, and the stone-hard army biscuits served out to them, with no trouble to themselves, and possibly—although the point is by no means well settled—with great advantage to their dentition. Now, however, things are entirely altered. Used from the shedding of our milk-teeth to meat every day, and a diet in which sugar plays a prominent part, few of us get to the age of forty without losing several teeth of the second crop, while those that are left require constant attention from a skilled practitioner in the shape of stopping and so on, if their decay is to be arrested, and they are to prove useful servants to us in our old age. Men who are a long way under forty are, therefore, frequently refused admission to the Army on the ground of defective teeth; and even with those who are accepted constant care by a skilled dentist is found to be necessary if they are to remain effective. How is this aid to be rendered?

That it is worth while from the military point of view to render it there can be little question. Although the tooth-brush now forms part of the private soldier's regular kit, opportunity for its use when actually at the front is uncommonly rare. Hurried meals, a large ration of sweet food—we have all heard of apple and plum jam—and an abundance of meat all go to making the soldier's teeth extraordinarily liable to caries or decay, and the evil consequences of this are manifold. The pain of toothache alone will do something to shake his nerve, while the consequent loss of sleep and the difficulty in masticating his food will aggravate the ill. Gastric troubles of all kinds are likely to follow; and in bad cases pyorrhea, with the

rheumatism and sciatica which are its most ordinary consequences, will probably come to supplement them. Moreover, as none but the sufferer himself can tell whether a man really has toothache or not, it is one of the complaints for which he is likely to get the least sympathy from his comrades and little consideration from the over-worked regimental surgeon. In a few weeks, or even days, therefore, a perfectly efficient and contented soldier

skilled assistance. How this can be given under service conditions is a problem which our gallant Allies have already solved. Over 1000 qualified dental surgeons have been allotted to the French Army, where they rank according to their qualifications with assistant doctors and dispensers. Every central hospital is equipped with an elaborate dental department, and every base and rest camp of suitable size with a similar installation on a smaller scale. But this is felt not to be enough. In order to reach the men actually in the trenches, the *Médecin-Major* Dr. Gaumerais has devised a travelling dentist's surgery in a motor-wagon of the pattern used in the French Army for the transport of wounded and other Red Cross purposes. It has sufficient head-room for the operator to stand upright, an adjustable dentist's chair for the patient, with the spittoon, the pump for keeping the mouth clear of saliva, and the wheel worked by a treadle that we all know so well; while a separate chamber contains a lathe, a small laboratory, and all the tools and materials for the manufacture and repair of artificial teeth. In one month's work with his first "voiture de stomatologie," Dr. Gaumerais tells us he performed 2000 operations, including the manufacture of 36 sets of artificial teeth, the repair of 13 others, and the provision of 14 single "grinders." The remainder of his operations were made up of such things as extractions, stoppings, and the treatment of inflamed gums. But he hopes that this is only a beginning, and he sees in the near future an extension of his scheme that will enable him to minister to the dental wants of at least four army corps.



A CAPTURED FOKKER: A NEAR VIEW OF THE "BONNET" OVER THE ENGINE, AND THE PROPELLER.

Photograph by Topical.

may be turned into a querulous invalid, probably suspected of malingering, and a nuisance to himself and his fellows. Yet all this might be prevented could he avail himself in time of a dentist's

things as extractions, stoppings, and the treatment of inflamed gums. But he hopes that this is only a beginning, and he sees in the near future an extension of his scheme that will enable him to minister to the dental wants of at least four army corps.



A FOKKER IN CAPTIVITY: ONE OF THE FAMOUS GERMAN AEROPLANES, BROUGHT DOWN INTACT BY THE FRENCH PACKED FOR TRANSPORT TO THE REAR.

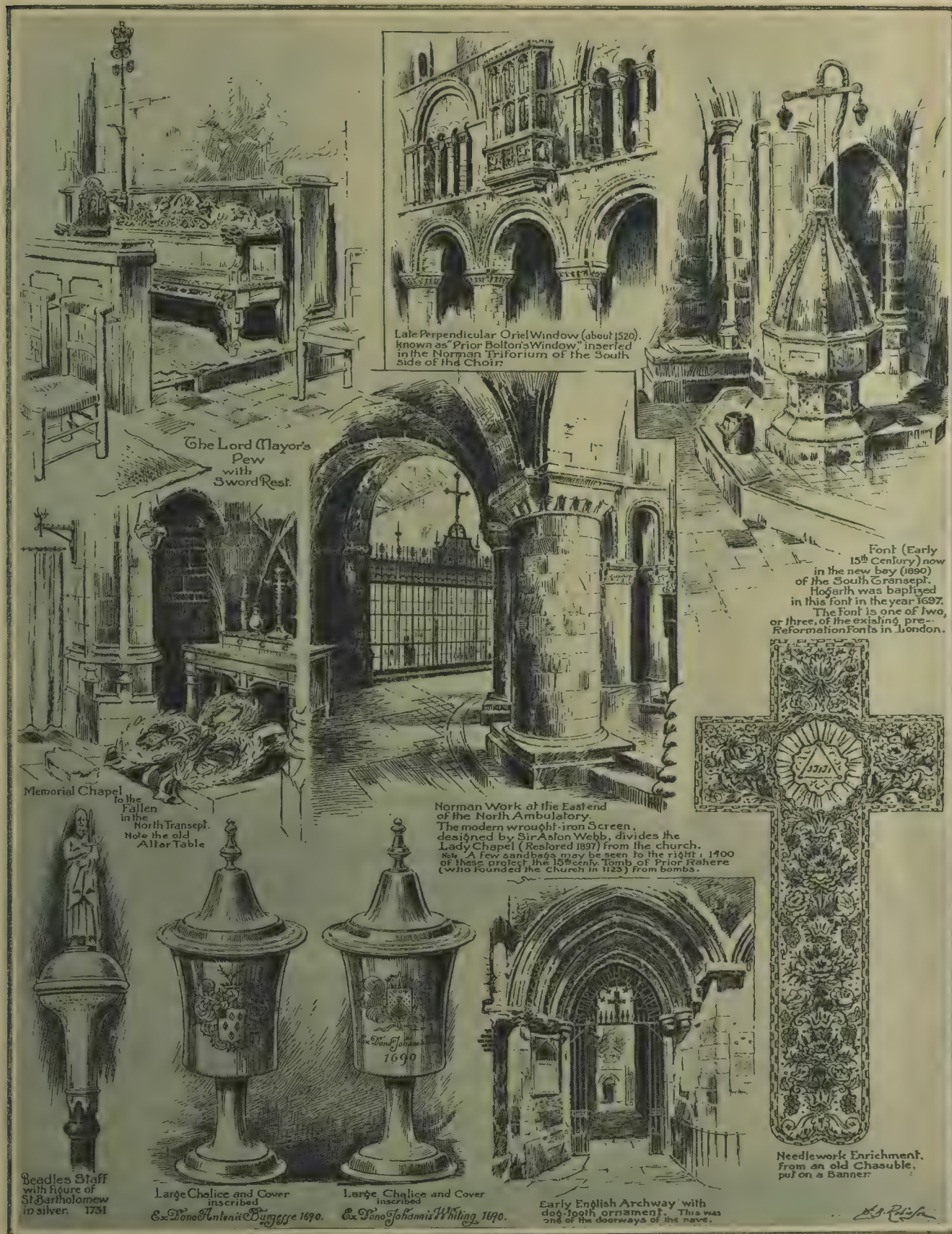
Photograph by Neurisse.

Here, then, is an example which we might well imitate. It may be assumed that Dr. Gaumerais's 2000 patients were men who through no fault of their own had become inefficient, and were restored to efficiency through his ministrations. Thus to send back to the active discharge of duty a man who is "handled and made" is probably a greater service to the State than to procure for it a dozen recruits who will have to go through a long and expensive course of training. Will not some rich man, since the action of the State must necessarily be slow in such matters, provide our men in the trenches with at least one travelling dentist's surgery after the French pattern?

F I

LONDON'S UNCLOSED MUSEUMS: ART-TREASURES OF THE CHURCHES.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



CHURCHES AND THEIR TREASURES: III.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

We continue here the series of drawings begun in our issue of April 22 to illustrate the art-treasures of London's ancient churches. When the question of closing museums was being discussed, the Speaker (Mr. James Lowther) said in a letter to the "Times": "Our London churches . . . contain historical and artistic objects of the greatest interest. 'Si museum requiris, circumspece.'" Following up the suggestion, the "Times" gave an article on historic churches, including that here illustrated. "St. Bartholomew's," says the writer, "is a fragment—choir, transepts, and one bay of the nave of a priory founded by Rahere, a courtier and attendant on Henry I.—

founded out of the seriousness that came upon the Court after the drowning of the Prince in the White Ship. All the rest was demolished after the Dissolution; and, bearing in mind the vicissitudes, the survival of what remains—a blacksmith's forge occupied one of the transepts—is almost a miracle. But it stands—a noble expression of Norman art at its best, with its massive piers and boldly moulded arches, its rich triforium arcades, and the high and mighty arches of the crossing." To guard against Zeppelin bombs, the tomb of Rahere has been heavily sand-bagged, as indicated in the right-hand corner of the centre subject above.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

NEW NOVELS.

"The Douglas Romance."

Mr. Douglas Sladen has given his family interest in the Douglasses a great field-day, beginning with a preface setting forth their ancient glories, and proceeding, through the romantic adventures of Mirabel Douglas, a modern representative of the race, to a dinner where "there were present nine Douglas Peers, Black and Red, besides various Douglas Baronets and Laids, with pedigrees and possessions derived from the Middle Ages, all sprung, like the Peers, from the Knight of the Black Water, the fortunate brother of Traskin and contemporary of Richard Coeur-de-Lion." This portmanteau sentence is indicative of the importance of the Douglasses in the eyes of the author of "The Douglas Romance" (Hutchinson). Luckily for the public, there are other things in the novel besides the acclaim of this distinguished family. There is, for instance, the conception of Mary Queen of Scots as a heroine of musical comedy. Nothing is impossible to the modern star, or "Joan of Arc" would not once have had a popular run as a side-splitting London entertainment; but Mr. Sladen's careful account of his musical comedy is not convincing. It sounds, except for the comic relief, much more like grand opera. As "The Douglas Romance" is a story of to-day, it begins with the estrangement of a husband and wife, and ends with their reconciliation through the war, and an extract from the top section of the first column of the *Times*. It is an amusing book; but we are not quite sure that the amusement provided has always been intended by the author.

"A Great Success."

There is irony in the title of "A Great Success" (Smith Elder). A novelist as veteran as Mrs. Humphry Ward can claim all deference when she points a moral; and the moral of the new book is not less significant because it is left to the reader to seize and meditate upon it. For our part, we confess at once that we side-tracked all improving reflections until the sheer pleasure of a delightful book

came to an end with the last word of the last chapter. The joy produced by reading Mrs. Humphry Ward's lucid, incisive English, and by watching her skilful art in operation, is not one to be diluted by the pursuit of the ethical object, praiseworthy though it be. In "A Great Success" we have a woman, very wise in understanding of serious men and women, handling, with amazing freshness, the age-worn theme of the three-cornered affair. Not that there was any sex-interest in Lady Dunstable's capture of Arthur Meadows; she was a great lady guilty of nothing

lady is properly confounded—how, we leave the reader to discover for himself, assuring him that "A Great Success" is one of the best books of the year.

"Unhappy in Thy Daring."

The Irish temperament presents no mysteries to Mr. Marius Lyle, nor does that even greater pitfall, the Irish speech. Shelagh, in "Unhappy in Thy Daring" (Melrose), has the national intolerance, the national impatience, the national eagerness. She might be bored; she never could

be blasé. She found something unnatural and antagonistic in the spotless order and the smart new paint of her bridegroom's home, and she was cramped by its modest acreage—she who shared her breed's passion for land and yet more land. She was scandalised by the crocks in the immaculate stable, and daunted to tears by the discovery that there was no hunting worth speaking of in the neighbourhood. Impossible not to be entertained at once by Shelagh. Rupert begins on a vaguer note, but develops later on, and the book works up steadily, with tears and laughter playing their April part, to the tragedy which is, perhaps, never very far away from an Irish comedy. If Marius Lyle be a new author, as the absence of the names of other books on the title-page seems to imply, Mr. Andrew Melrose is to be congratulated on his discovery. The freshness and sincerity of "Unhappy in Thy Daring" is admirable, and the author has the true novelist's *flair* for contrast of motives and character.



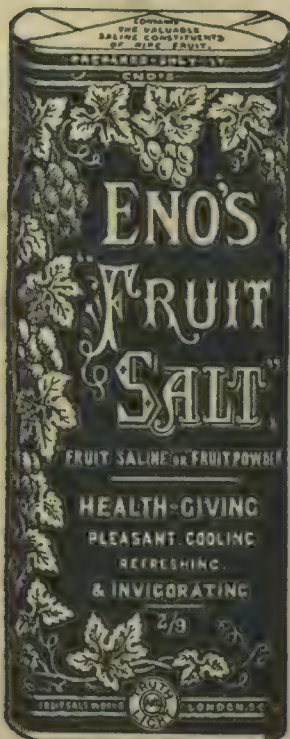
"TOWN-PLANNING" AT THE DEFENCES OF SALONIKA: BRITISH SOLDIERS CONSTRUCTING DUG-OUTS IN A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

A British artillery officer at Salonika, writing home recently, said: "The defences which we have made are . . . constructed under the obvious advantages of being able to put them there before the fight. . . . Dug-outs are no longer thrown up haphazard, but according to a regular town-planning scheme; nor is it out of mud they are cut, but rock or earth as hard to destroy (or to pick and shovel) as rock."—(Official Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved. Supplied by G.N.)

worse than a literary flirtation. Ghosts of real great ladies who have been autocratic, and ill-bred too, in their taming of lions, seem to flit across her story. Arthur Meadows was thoughtless and selfish; Lady Dunstable was greedy for intellect to match against her own wit; Doris Meadows, the temporarily neglected wife, was not quite quick enough in the uptake to be the best mate for a celebrity. The plot plays into her hands, and the fine

Parliamentary Companion" (Whitaker), attains its eighty-fourth year and ninety-second issue with the new edition for 1916. Its main features are alphabetical lists of Members of the two Houses (with biographical details), a list of the constituencies, and notes on Parliamentary terms and procedure. It also gives, of course, the Ministry and names of permanent officials, with other useful tabular information.

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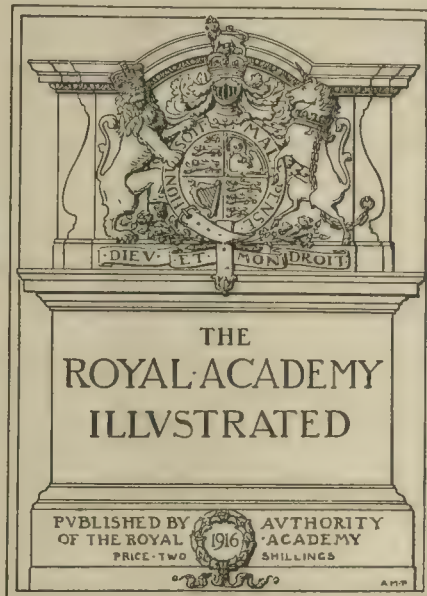
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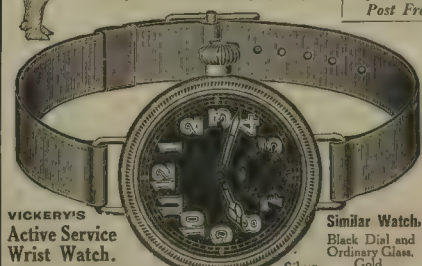
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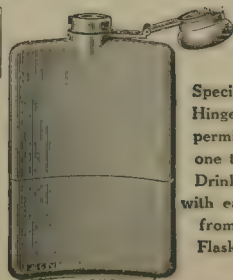
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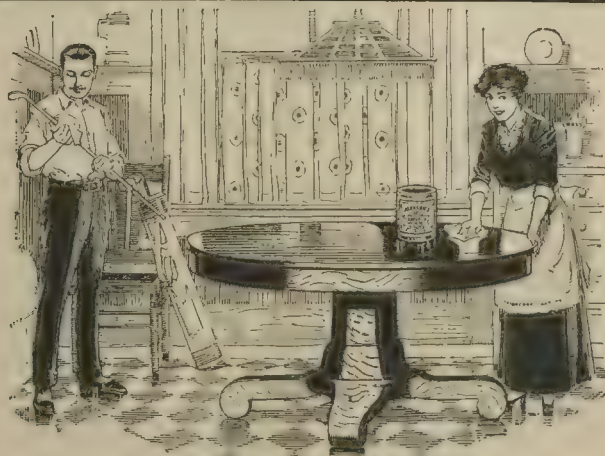
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LITERATURE.

Last Days of the French Monarchy. Mr. Belloc on any phase of the French Revolution is sure to be interesting and suggestive. His "Last Days of the French Monarchy" (Chapman and Hall) is lighter artillery than usual, but sure of its aim. The method is new, and the book is plainly designed for a popular audience. The writer seizes on six salient points, or episodes, which he elaborates in brilliant essays, connecting them with short interludes which give the explanatory groundwork of history. He has permitted himself something of the novelist's method and something of the lecturer's. In fact, many portions of the work recall his memorable and entirely delightful lecture on Paris, where he makes such pregnant use of his minute acquaintance with Parisian topography and its continuity throughout the ages. The present book opens with the decision of Louis XVI. to thwart the National Assembly. The midnight scene at Marly is reconstructed with the keenest sense of minutiae; the place, the weather, the persons are flashed upon the

exactness. The next episode is the flight to Varennes, told with breathless suspense, and with an even finer power of reconstruction. Follows next the storming of the Tuileries, an excellent picture, vivid and moving, and again reinforced in its strategic details by a perfect acquaintance with the place. In "The Rôle of Lafayette," Mr. Belloc now gives the key to the march of events. He analyses the General's character and conduct with striking originality, keeping in mind two views—that of the Old and that of the New World. He finds that on this point Carlyle's reading was insufficient. The best chapter is "Under the Mill of Valmy." There Mr. Belloc gives us a battle-piece as fine as his Wattignies in "Marie Antoinette," and here he scores a fine new point. Why did the Allies suddenly cease their attack? Mr. Belloc has been over the field in similar weather at the same time of year, and seems to have solved the old puzzle, *ambulando*. There was a hidden strip of marshy ground, over which further advance in the face of heavy fire was impossible. Dumouriez did not know of this perfect defence. Were it for this touch alone, the book would be memorable.

A Veteran Naturalist. Nowadays every name with a Teutonic sound is suspect. Mr. E. W. Richardson, the author of "A Veteran Naturalist, Being the Life and Works of W. B. Tegetmeier" (Witherby), is careful to emphasise the thoroughly British character and sympathies of his father-in-law. Thus we read: "One of his strongest traits was his intense patriotism and loyalty to British institutions—his love of the land of his birth and his mother's native country. Despite his German name and possibly even Jewish ancestry, he knew no word of German, nor encouraged his children to learn it; he was conservative to Toryism, and a true 'John Bull' to the tips of his fingers." Tegetmeier was born in 1816 at Colnbrook, near Slough, in Bucks, and lived to the age of ninety-six. "By Tegetmeier's death," says Mr. Richardson, "the last link between the old school of ornithologists and the new was broken." Though chiefly eminent as an ornithologist, he was an authority on various kinds of animal life. Different creatures claimed his attention at different periods of his career—especially poultry, pigeons, pheasants, salmon, cats, cranes, sparrows, mules, and bees. As a reviewer, he "slated"

Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" for scientific inaccuracies. Once he was suddenly called out from the offices of the *Field* to capture a swarm of bees that had settled—of all



WITH THEIR NEW QUICK-FIRER ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN: ITALIANS IN ACTION.

Photograph by L.N.A.

reader's sight with intensely dramatic effect. Necker's compromise is seized as the fount and origin of all the ensuing mischief, and even the fatal moment is emphasised; not, we think, too fancifully, but with very plausible

on various kinds of animal life. Different creatures claimed his attention at different periods of his career—especially poultry, pigeons, pheasants, salmon, cats, cranes, sparrows, mules, and bees. As a reviewer, he "slated"



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Lord Rosebery, who has just completed a course of the waters at Bath, has shown his appreciation by presenting to the Corporation this fine sedan chair, which has been placed in the historic eighteenth-century Pump Room.

places—over the doors of the Gaiety Theatre—the last flight of bees ever taken in London. In 1855 he was introduced to Darwin as "one who knows all about poultry and pigeons" and the two became both friends and collaborators. Darwin frequently consulted Tegetmeier, and has acknowledged his indebtedness to him. Tegetmeier was a great advocate of the use of carrier-pigeons for military purposes, as in the Siege of Paris. He also organised the first pigeon-race ever held in this country, from the Crystal Palace to Brussels, on June 24, 1871. There was a lighter and Bohemian side to his character, and he was one of the founders of the Savage Club. He published many books on his special subjects, and he was over fifty years on the staff of the *Field* and the *Queen*, retiring only in 1907. A wag among his colleagues once described him as "the subtlety of all the beasts of the *Field*." The book has a preface by the late Sir Walter Gilbey, and numerous illustrations.

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RHEUMATISM.

What is Rheumatism? Whence does it originate? What are the pathological symptoms, the etiology and immediate or remote causes of this disease? Are we to ascribe it to a special kind of microbe, or else to some soluble ferment or chemical poison; or, again, to spontaneous degeneration of the blood and humours due to some internal or external cause; or is it not rather the result of some hereditary defect?

There are, at any rate, a few points which have been agreed upon, among which is the fact that nine times out of ten the rheumatic diathesis is characterised by excess of uric acid in the system.

It therefore follows as a logical conclusion that it is indispensable to eliminate the uric acid and urates, and to prevent their excessive production.

If it were a question of merely preventing the over-production of uric acid, it would then be simply a matter of diet, since the greater part of exogenous uric acid originates from the purins contained in food. In this connection Dr. Lebovici gives excellent advice regarding the abuse of meat (against which rheumatic sufferers should be on their guard,

THE VICTIMS OF URIC ACID



Poisoned by URIC ACID,

Tortured with Pain, he can only be relieved by

URODONAL

Because URODONAL dissolves Uric Acid.

especially certain kinds of meat), as well as starchy foods, chocolate, alcohol, &c.

Still more interesting, however, is the means of getting rid of the excess of uric acid when it has already been formed, and when the kidneys are no longer equal to their task without danger of overstrain. Unfortunately, is not an easy matter, since uric acid and urates are only slightly soluble. Therapeutic remedies, nevertheless, are not so powerless as might be imagined. Besides the "fruit cure" (with grapes and strawberries), which sometimes works wonders, there are some solvents, the value of which has been tested by practical experience.

Among these specifics special mention must be made of URODONAL, which is a granulated, effervescent powder, a combination of lysidin, sidonal (quinate of piperazin), and urotropin. The rapidity of the effects of URODONAL borders on the miraculous. This is readily explained when we consider that sidonal and lysidin (whose valuable properties are multiplied by being combined together) are the best known solvents of uric acid, and that urotropin, which is so easily converted into volatile ammonia and formic aldehyde, is unrivalled for the healing of the ulcerated mucous membrane. It is not surprising, therefore, that by rationally combining these three substances a new product can be obtained which concentrates the great power of its con-

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It no longer matters much to know exactly what rheumatism is when we possess such an unrivalled means of relieving it. It is possible that in studying the effects of URODONAL, and probably it will finally be solved.

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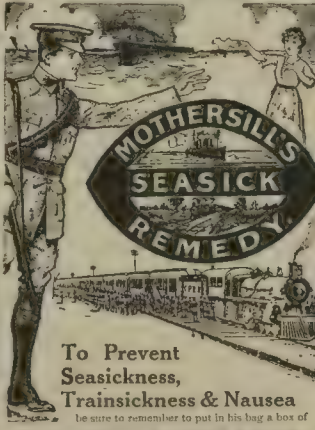


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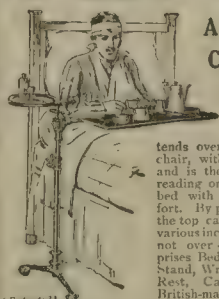
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"Well, I needed new shoes this Spring, anyway," returned the other, "and saw no reason why they shouldn't be as nice ones as possible. And, you see, they're Lotus—so fit me beautifully, and will, as I know from experience, keep their shape and wear for ever so long. So I've actually been most economical."

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Agents everywhere
Letters: Lotus Limited, 8, St. John's
Manufacturers of London and India Shoes



There's charm in the smile

when the teeth are white and shining as they are when Calox is regularly used.

In use, Calox liberates oxygen, which finds its purifying, cleansing way into crevices which otherwise would go uncleared.

Use Calox night and morning, and increased beauty and longer usefulness for your teeth will be your sure reward. Start Calox to-day.

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

FREE. A postcard will bring a generous sample of Calox by return. Calox is sold by Chemists at 1/3. The Calox Tooth Brush reaches every part of every tooth, 1/-.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD.,
75, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON.

CHESS.

R C DUFFELL.—We are sorry to hear of your accident, but in the service of one's country such things count for honour. We are glad, however, the opportunity has been given for you to send us another problem.

J AVENIR (Woolwich).—Thanks, but both problems are rather too elementary for our use.

REV. G C W SUMNER (West Hartlepool).—We thank you for your greetings no less than your contribution, and trust to find the latter as excellent as the former.

A M SPARKER.—Thanks for problem, which is very acceptable. We wonder how many "sons of purest ray serene," the unfathomed depths of your collection contain.

BATTERY O.M.S. OLIVER.—We are sending you on a board and men, and are asking for further contributions of the same kind on your behalf.

CHESS IN AMERICA

Game played in the Memorial Tournament, between Messrs. CAPABLANCA and FOX.

(Roy Lopez)

| | | | |
|--|----------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. F.) | BLACK (Mr. C.) | WHITE (Mr. F.) | BLACK (Mr. C.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | Now comes a bit of the Cuban | master's best style. He values the |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | position to a nicety. The end game | is full of instruction. |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q R 3rd | | |
| 4. B takes Kt | Q P takes B | | |
| 5. P to Q 4th | P takes P | | |
| 6. Q takes P | | | |
| White is evidently bent on reducing | | | |
| the game to its simplest elements, | | | |
| and Black, with perhaps the better | | | |
| reason, is quite ready to oblige him. | | | |
| 7. Q takes Q | B to Q 2nd | | |
| 8. Castles | | | |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3rd | B to Q 3rd | | |
| 10. B to K 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | | |
| 11. P to B 3rd | K R to K sq | | |
| 12. K R to K sq | B to Q Kt 5th | | |
| 13. Kt to Kt 1st | | | |
| Kt to K 2nd is surely the wiser | | | |
| move. At any rate, the position | | | |
| resulting from the text move leads | | | |
| directly to the loss of the game later | | | |
| on. | | | |
| 13. B takes Kt | | | |
| 14. P takes B | P to Q Kt 3rd | | |
| 15. Q R to Q sq | P to B 4th | | |
| 16. K to B 2nd | | | |
| B to Kt 5th would tend to equalise | | | |
| matters, as White ought to be able | | | |
| to defend himself against the open | | | |
| Knight's file after 12. B takes Kt. | | | |
| The move adopted leads directly to | | | |
| disaster. | | | |
| 16. R to K 3rd | | | |
| 17. R to Q 2nd | Q R to K sq | | |
| 18. R (K sq) to | | | |
| Q sq | B to B 3rd | | |
| 19. P to Q B 4th | B takes P | | |
| | | White surrendered. | |

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3725 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3726 from C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 3727 from C Field and F L Thorn; of No. 3728 from Charles Willing (Philadelphia), R Towne (Art Club, Philadelphia), C Field, J Isaacson (Liverpool), D Andrap

(Arachon), H P Cole, F L Mansur (Quincy, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 3729 from J Orford (Birkenhead), J Verrall (Ridmell), Edith Vicars (Wood Dalling), Abner Hawkesworth (Littleham), W C D Smith (Northampton), P B S Stromever (H.M.S. *Munster*), Captain Challiee (Great Yarmouth), J Isaacson, and H P Cole.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3730 received from J Isaacson, M G Onslow (Bournemouth), J Fowler, Blair H Corbrant (Harting), J C Slackhouse (Torquay), W B White (Colchester), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J S Forbes (Brighton), A H Arthur (Bath), G Wilkinson (Bristol), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), T T Gurney (Cambridge), H S Brandreth (Penzance), H Grasett Baldwin, A Fellows (Wolverhampton), L Choué La Roque, F Pemeur (Kingston-on-Thames), H P Cole (Tunbridge Wells), A W McFarlane (Waterford), Sergeant H Terry (Exeter), and J Stuart.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3728.—By J. AVENIR.

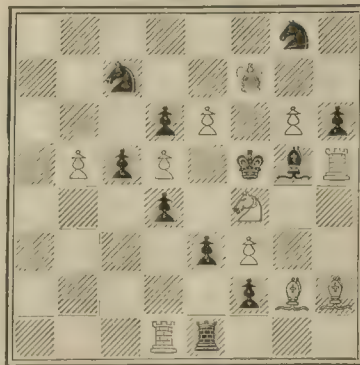
WHITE. 1. B to B 3rd. 2. R to R 2nd (ch). 3. R mates.

BLACK. B takes B. K moves.

If Black play, 1. R to Kt 2nd (ch), 2. K takes R; and if 1. K to R 3rd, 2. R to R (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3731.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The championship of the City of London Chess Club has been won by E. G. Sergeant, after playing off a tie with T. Gorman.

The "British Chess Magazine" Chess Annual for 1915, edited by J. M. Brown, is a work covering much the same ground as that usually occupied by "The Year-Book of Chess." There is, of course, no reason why the latter should not be forestalled by an enterprising competitor, and where there is no legal protection claims of priority count for little in business. Mr. Alain C. White contributes a sketch of the "Good Companion" Chess Problem Club, and the work concludes with the novel feature of "Who's Who in London Chess." The volume is very handy in size, and can be obtained through the *British Chess Magazine*, 35, Elmwood Lane, Leeds, price 2s. 6d., post free.

Battery Q.M.S. Oliver, No. 187, 14th London Howitzer Brigade, R.F.A., B.E.F., France, would be grateful if any readers would send some disused chess boards and men for the use of his battery.

"VERDUN TO THE VOSGES."

"AT the beginning of September 1914," writes Mr. Gerald Campbell, "I was commissioned by the *Times* to go to France as its representative on the Eastern frontier, and it so happens that, during the war, no other English newspaper correspondent had been stationed for any length of time on the long section of the front between Verdun and Belfort. One or two paid flying visits to Lorraine after I was settled there, but they were birds of passage, and were off again almost as soon as they arrived." The result was that he pretty well had what he calls the "fortress-frontier of France" all to himself as a happy hunting-ground for "impressions of the war" hereabouts—impressions which he has now converted from their journalistic into volume form under the title of "Verdun to the Vosges" (E. Arnold), and a very good and interesting volume it is—all the more so from its embellishment with so many photographic illustrations which bring home to the reader far more vividly than can be done by the most graphic narrative the horrors and devastations of war. Mr. Campbell's heart was very much on the side of the Allies, and, being what he was, he enjoyed exceptional facilities from the French authorities; yet there came a time, "after we had been in Nancy for four months, during all which period we were in constant and friendly relations with many of the civil and military authorities, we"—i.e., he himself and a French colleague who "devilled" for him—"were one morning politely but peremptorily ordered to leave the town within twenty-four hours, otherwise we should be arrested and tried before a court-martial on a charge of espionage—not, of course, because we were spies, but because we were journalists exercising our *métier* within the zone of the armies." For the rest, Mr. Campbell's interesting chapter on newspaper correspondents might well be read in the light of Lord Wolsey's dictum that "war-correspondents are the curse of modern armies," in spite of the fact that the tribe—descriptive and artistic—had done so much to make him famous. Next to that, perhaps Mr. Campbell's most interesting chapter is that on the famous French field-piece known as the "Soixante-Quinze," or "Seventy-Five" (75 mm.), or a trifle over 3 inches calibre, or one thirty-third of its length, which is, therefore, just under 9 feet. Before they knew from actual experience what the "Soixante-Quinze" could do firing shells at the rate of 30 a minute, or about twice the rate possible for the enemy 77's, the Germans nicknamed it the "cigar-holder," but now they sing a very different song about it. Mr. Campbell brings out more clearly than ever that this has been, and will continue to the end to be, an artillery war. Outclassed at first in respect of heavy guns, the Allies have now made good this defect, while the "Seventy-Fives" are incomparably superior to the German "77's." The end, thinks Mr. Campbell, "is sure."

The excellent portrait of Major-General Townshend, Defender of Kut, published as the front page of the *Illustrated London News* of April 22, was, we regret to say, acknowledged incorrectly. It is by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.



MASTER DOUGLAS
with his Native Nurse

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Nearly fifty years of uninterrupted success in raising babies to sturdy health and happy childhood has made Mellin's Food the standard among infants' foods.

Rear baby on 'Mellin's,' and you will save endless trouble. You will strengthen the child to withstand those weakening infantile disorders which wreak such havoc among ill-nourished babies. 'Mellin's'—the fresh milk food—unites the maximum nutriment with the maximum safety. Perhaps the greatest of all Mellin's Food advantages is that it is a *fresh milk* food, and upon the superiority of fresh milk over dried or sterilised milk the highest scientific opinion is unanimous. Read the following:—

Sir Thomas Barlow
D.Sc., M.D., LL.D.

has stated that "certain maladies were introduced by sterilization, and it was known that children fed on sterilised milk developed scurvy and rickets."

Sir Lauder Brunton
M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.

This great Doctor has stated before the Local Government Board that: "There was a consensus of opinion that in the long run sterilised milk was injurious to children, though at first it might seem to do them good."

Dr. Mayo Robson
C.V.O., D.Sc., F.R.C.S.

Dr. Mayo Robson's view on the "dried" or sterilised milk question is also unmistakable: he states "Sterilization destroys the nutritive value of milk."

Will you try a sample of Mellin's Food for your baby? See our offer below:

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THE NEAREST FOOD TO NATURE'S FOOD

FREE We offer you an opportunity of testing Mellin's Food free of charge. Send your name and address, and you will receive a generous sample, with an interesting handbook for Mothers on "How to feed the Baby."

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*Lady Scott-Moncrieff
After the painting by Raeburn.*



Feature has ever been but an incidental of beauty; a perfect complexion an essential. From the period of George III. to the present day PEARS' SOAP has been a toilet accessory of beautiful women. Its transparently pure qualities so marvellously beneficial to the complexion found Court and Society recognition more than a century ago. Then it was a privilege of only the rich, to-day it is within the reach of all. So use

"Pears"

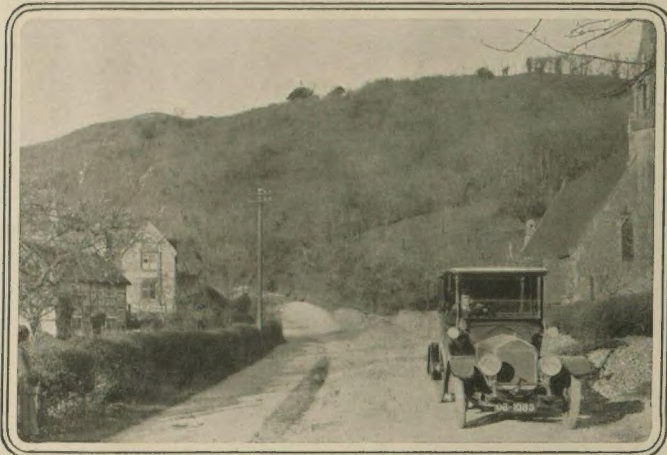
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Road Improvement. The Roads Improvement Association have submitted their annual report to their members, and it is interesting as showing that the work of this body in the past has enabled the Government to divert the Road Board's income for war purposes because of the improved state of the roads before the war. But, as the report states, "it is unfortunate that the Government found it necessary to appropriate the Road Board's income for war purposes, and it must have the effect of adding to the work to be done by the Association hereafter." No improvement can be expected at present, although bad weather and exceptionally heavy military traffic have caused the roads to deteriorate to a serious extent. There is, however, no need for alarm if the Local Authorities will face the fact that judicious and skilful patching with proper material on the "stitch in time" principle must take the place of large schemes of road improvement. And this is the key of the whole tune that the Roads Improvement Association wishes the motoring and other road-using community to sing into the ears of

prevent the rent in the surface spreading to the foundations. Fortunately, the efforts of the Association in the past have furnished our roads to-day on all the main highways with a thorough good foundation. Long may it continue to keep a watchful eye on these arteries of communication, for "evil communications corrupt good manners"—which, being interpreted, means heavy outlay of cash in the future.

Steam-Cars. A most amusing correspondent sent a letter to the *Autocar* the other day stating how to get water for a steam-car. He calls it a "performance," and I think a "pantomime" would not be a bad title. First, remember where there is a cattle-trough near, and this should be easy to owners of steam-cars, as such conveniences are the milestones of steam

the seat into the water. On the other hand, should the man in blue be there, the play commences. You crane your neck about as though looking for a sign-post, and then finally draw up by the tank and get out a map and have a look at, say, the Great North Road if you are in Surrey! Under cover of this, the suction-pipe is dropped into the water. Should the policeman be



MOTURING IN THE WORCESTERSHIRE HILLS: A 16-20-H.P. WOLSELEY LANDAULETTE AT ANKERDINE.

The hill in the background is Berrow Hill, a continuation of the Malverns, on the north side of the River Tems.

the Local Authorities all over the country. Keep an eye on the condition of the roads in your own district, and then urge the powers that be there to effect the patching so as to

car owners interpret to mean their "iron horse." If there is no policeman, you are off again in two minutes with a full tank, having dropped your suction-pipe from



MOTURING ON THE WORLD'S HIGHEST ROAD, WHERE THE RACE FOR THE PENROSE CUP IS TO BE HELD: THE PIKE'S PEAK AUTO-HIGHWAY, COLORADO.

The great highway, recently completed, to the top of Pike's Peak, Colorado, reaches 14,109 ft. above sea-level, and is the highest road in the world. Racing will take place on it on August 24, 25, and 26 for the Penrose Cup, the most valuable motor trophy ever yet offered, which is presented by Mr. Spencer Penrose, the multi-millionaire Copper King, of Colorado.

motorists, owing to the necessity of picking up fresh water every forty to fifty miles. Having found the cattle-trough, you look around to see if a policeman is near, as, if there is one, he will not let you have a drink, in spite of the inscription on most of these troughs about kindness to dumb animals, which steam-

a thin one, you will get a full tank; should he be one of the large round sort, he is up to even the opening moves of the game, and you must go to an hotel yard of sorts and pay threepence for legitimate water. I expect, after this exposé of how to obtain free water, even the thin as well as the fat constables will know how to pull the curtain down early on the play. Joking apart, it seems as if the new taxes will help to develop the steam-car.

Razors for Soldiers.

Mr. Harry Smith, of the Rover Company, Meteor Works, Coventry, has collected no fewer than 2753 razors for the troops, and is asking motorists to send to him at that address any old razors they can spare, so that he can send them to the Master Cutler of Sheffield to be re-ground, set,

(Continued overleaf.)

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

"O, thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st
so sweet."

Sweet-smelling fragrance is the herald of ripe, mellow flavour in a mixture so rarely choice, so exquisitely satisfying, as to make the smoking of it one of the greatest pleasures that one man can devise for his own and others' comfort.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

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"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES.

Medium. 4d. for 10.

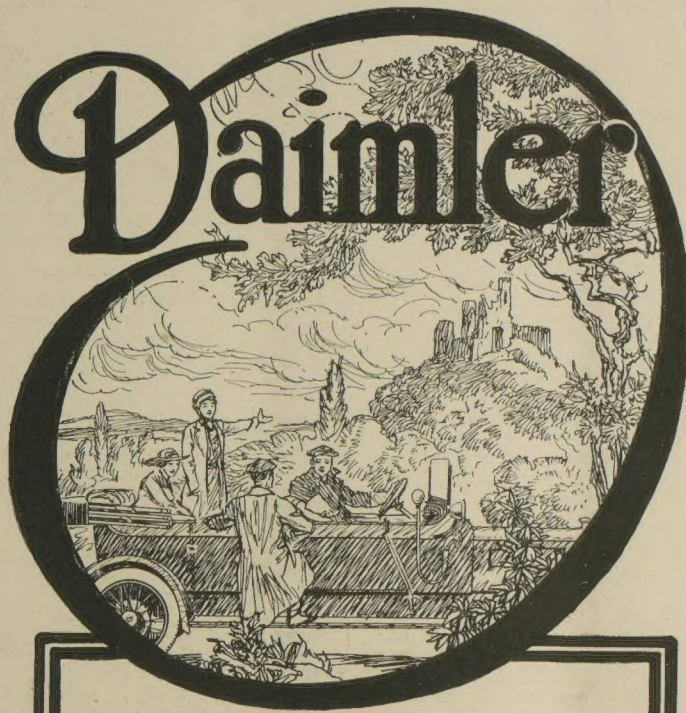
No. 472.





A BETTER Arrol-Johnston Car than ever, at a popular price—that is how matters are shaping at the big new car factory at Dumfries. And that is a most moderate way of putting Arrol-Johnston expectations.

Arrol-Johnston



ANTICIPATION

THE motorist, who in his happier moments looks forward to the joy of possessing a Daimler, is basing his wishes on the world-wide knowledge that the Daimler is the car of supreme quality and efficiency. It is in the recognition of ideals that Daimler Engineering has attained its extremely high standard, and will maintain its pre-eminence after the war. Realisation of the joys of motoring will come again with peace—and the possession of a Daimler.

The Daimler Company, Ltd.,
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—the Rubber Heels of which the wearer is pleasantly conscious, but which are never obvious to others. Your bootmaker fits them; ask him to put O'Sullivan's on that pair of boots he is heeling for you. Then you will add 50% to the pleasure of walking; hard pavements will feel like a mossy path.

You yourself don't fit O'Sullivan's any more than you would sole or heel your boots. The bootmaker is the man to do it; ask him to-day.

"O'Sullivan's"

SHAPED
RUBBER HEELS

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REFLECT

before you purchase a car. Think nationally rather than personally. Wait until after the war, then purchase a Swift. By doing so you will gain in many ways. Your order added to our waiting list will be of advantage to you.

SWIFT

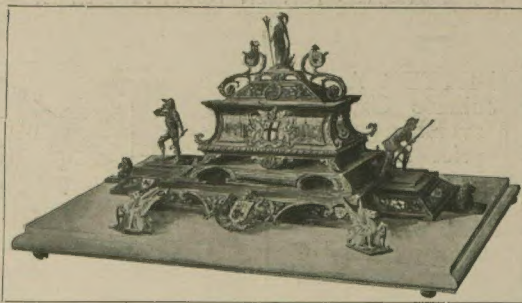
The SWIFT MOTOR
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LONDON - 132-4, Long Acre, W.C.
DUBLIN - 15-17, South King Street.



(Continued)

and put in order, and forwarded to our soldiers at the front. It does not matter how rusty and ill-conditioned they may appear, as after they have been through Cutlers' Hall they reappear as good as new, if not better. Perhaps I might be now permitted to tell a true story of one of these old razors sent to a soldier in the early days of the campaign in Flanders. This soldier was captured, together with three of his comrades, by the Germans, who searched them, but missed finding this soldier's razor. All four prisoners were put in a hut guarded by a sentry, but during the night they decided to escape, and managed to overpower the guard, the razor playing its part in preventing him from giving the alarm, and all four contrived to find their way back to the British lines with information of considerable value to those in command. After this extra piece of duty the razor was returned to Sheffield, and has again been issued to the troops, and is still in use keeping up that spirit of cleanliness that our British Army is famous for. The Rover Works are busy doing their bit for the war, and this extra labour of razor-hunting by Mr. Harry Smith, who rules their destinies with Mr. J. K. Starley, is a piece of useful work that deserves all practical appreciation by the world of wheels.



PRESENTED TO THE PREMIER OF AUSTRALIA WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY: THE GOLD CASSET GIVEN TO MR. W. M. HUGHES.

The Freedom of the City of London was presented to Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, at the Guildhall on April 18. It was contained in a handsome gold casket made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. In the centre of the obverse the City arms are flanked by views of the Guildhall and the Victoria House of Parliament. The casket is surmounted by a figure of Britannia, and on the pedestal are an Australian farmer and soldier. On the lid is the Red Dragon of Wales (Mr. Hughes' native land), and the shield in the base bears the arms of the Australian Commonwealth.

Firestone Tyres. The great object of the makers of Firestone Tyres is to give the users most miles per shilling, according to a recent communiqué received from this firm. Its qualities are given with its embossed lettering—"Non-Skid"—built high up and repeated all round the centre tread, with right angles of rubber at the edges, so giving a firm grip of the greasiest roads and ensuring extra protection under the most trying conditions. It claims to be a tyre for every load on every road, which should induce motorists to give it a trial. W. W.

In the annual competition for the Graaff Cup, recently held at Cape Town, under the auspices of the R.A.C., over a total distance of 107 miles, including two mountain passes, the result was an easy victory for the six-cylinder Buick. This car's record was quite extraordinary, particularly in regard to petrol-consumption and hill-climbing. Only two Buicks were entered, and they finished first and second, the winning Buick averaging 29.01 and the runner-up 27.27 miles per gallon. The Buick, in addition to winning the Reliability Trial, also won the Hill-Climbing, one of them beating all previous records for the course.

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which is not worth much. Dunlop tyres are worth much more than other tyres, — especially if you know how to obtain much more than your money's worth out of them. Write me to the Advice Bureau, Motor Department, Aston Cross, Birmingham.

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